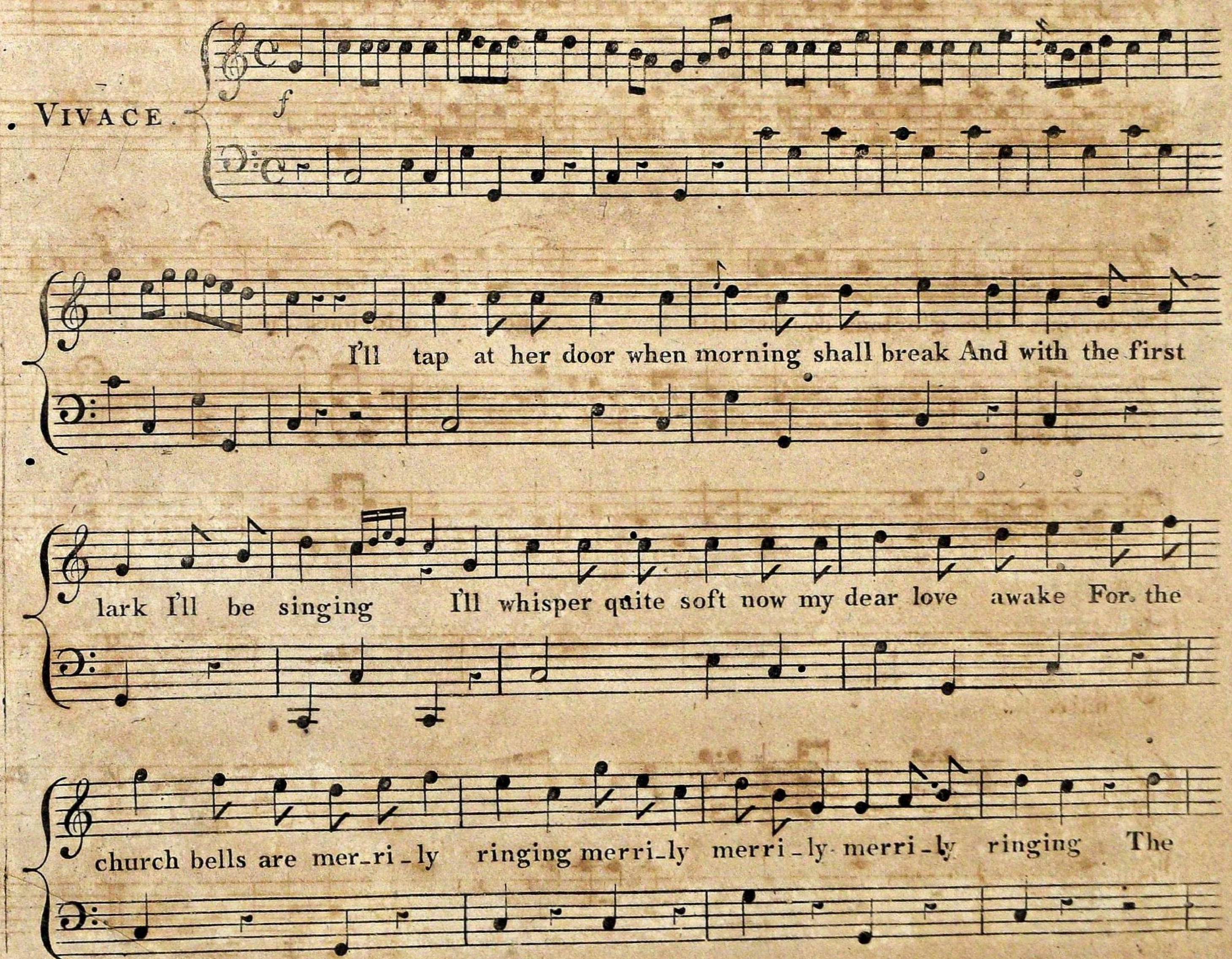
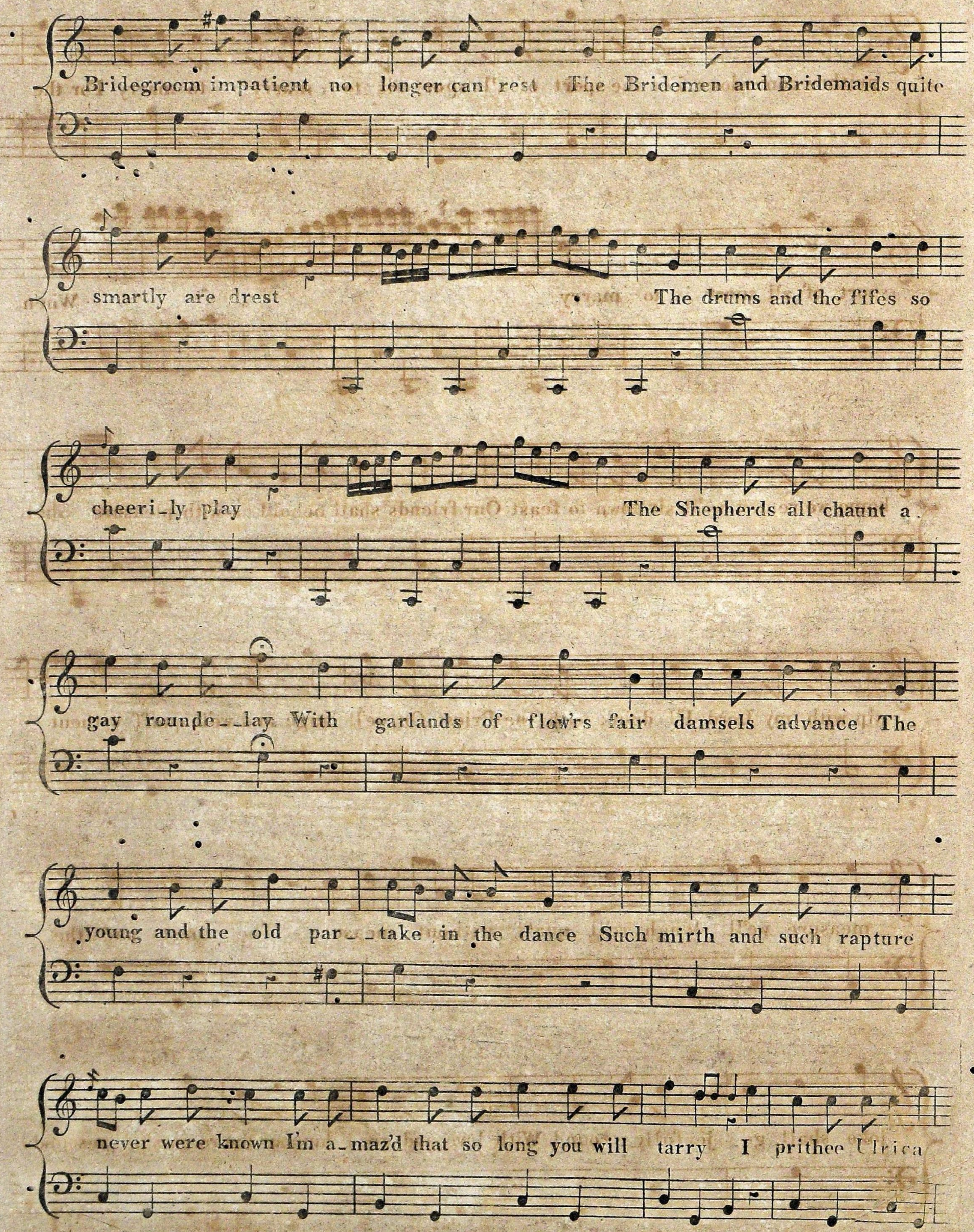
I'll tap at the door.

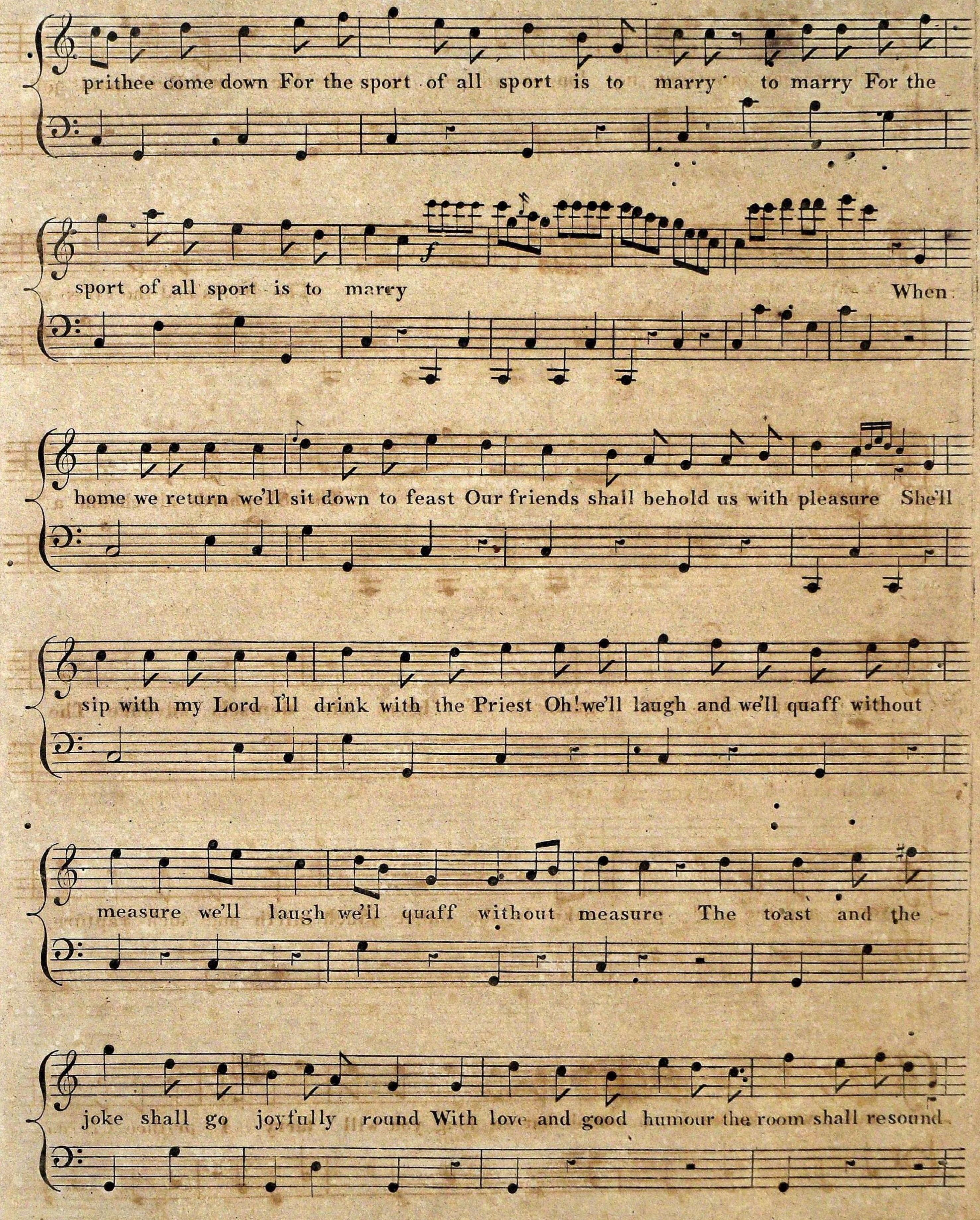
Sung by M.r Fawcett,
at the
Theatre Royal Covent Garden,
in the

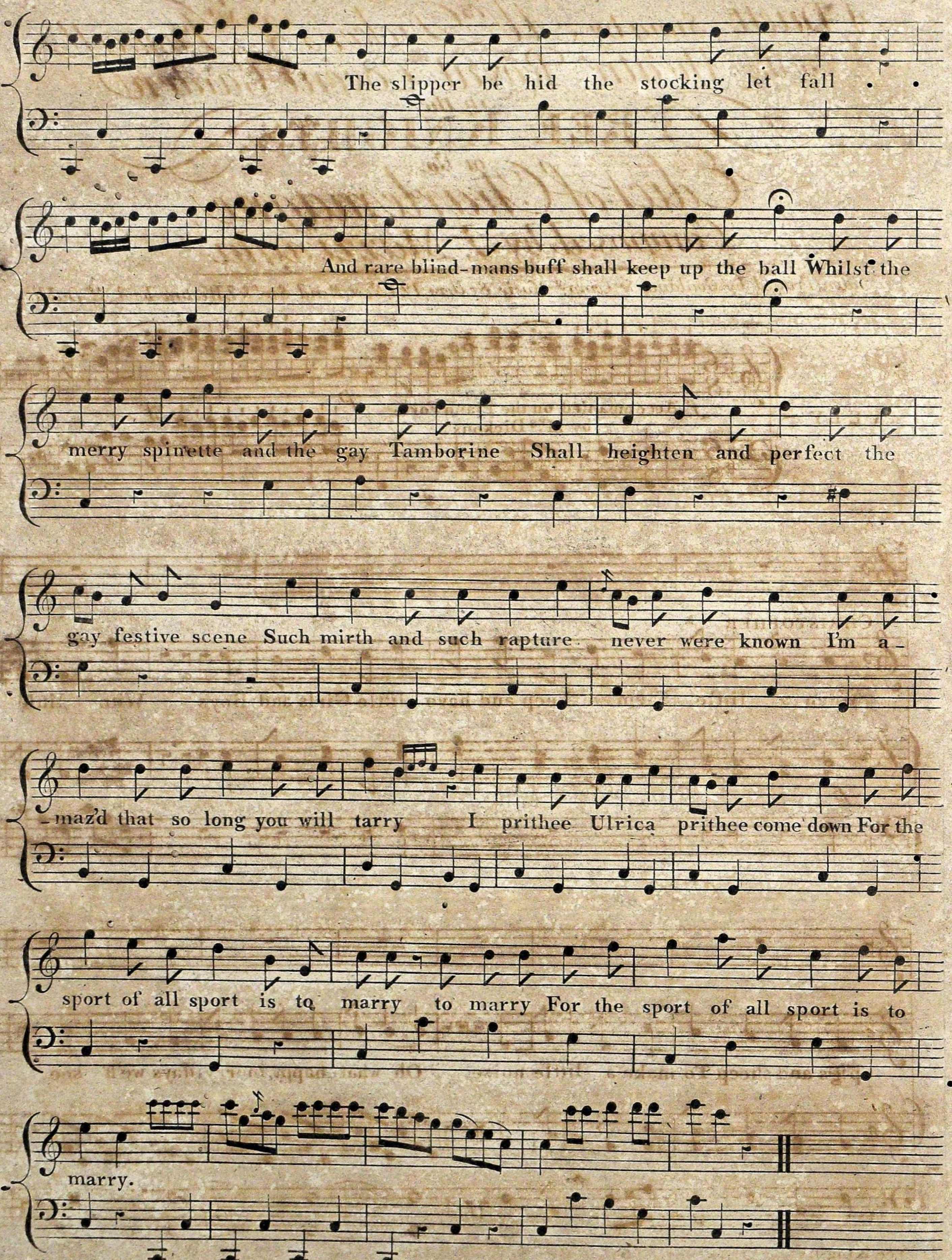
FREE KNIGHTS
or the
Edict of Charlemagne,

Composed by J. Mazzinghi.




Bridegroom impatient no longer can rest The Bridemen and Bridemaids quite
smartly are drest The drums and the fifes so
cheeri_ly play The Shepherds all chaunt a
gay rounde__lay With garlands of flow'rs fair damsels advance The
young and the old par__take in the dance Such mirth and such rapture
never were known I'm a_maz'd that so long you will tarry I prithee Ulrica


prithee come down For the sport of all sport is to marry to marry For the
sport of all sport is to marry When
home we return we'll sit down to feast Our friends shall behold us with pleasure She'll
sip with my Lord I'll drink with the Priest Oh! we'll laugh and we'll quaff without
measure we'll laugh we'll quaff without measure The toast and the
joke shall go joyfully round With love and good humour the room shall resound


The slipper be hid the stocking let fall
And rare blind-mans buff shall keep up the ball Whilst the
merry spinette and the gay Tamborine Shall heighten and perfect the
gay festive scene Such mirth and such rapture never were known I'm a-
-maz'd that so long you will tarry I prithee Ulrica prithee come down For the
sport of all sport is to marry to marry For the sport of all sport is to
marry.